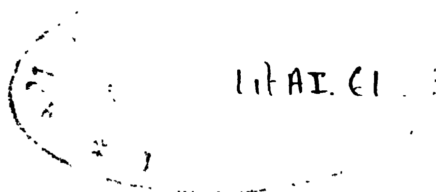
# INDIAN BOUQUET

# INDIAN BOUQUET

*By*

ZEB-UN-NISA HAMIDULLAH



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# Memories

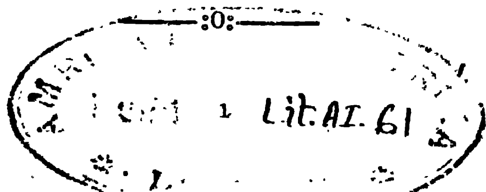
SWEET and soft the summer rain,
Falls upon our window pane ;
Sweet and soft as tears that fall,
For memories beyond recall !

There was a time long, long ago,
These eyes had never looked on woe ;
There was a time, a time of bliss,
When youthful lips stole youthful kiss

We as lovers hand in hand,
Lived as in a Fairy-land ;
We as lovers cast out care,
Skies were sunny, skies were fair.

Long lost is love, long lost is joy,
An old man I, who was a boy ;
Long lost my faith in maiden's eyes,
Too well I know the lies they lie !

Sweet and soft the summer rain,
Falls upon our window pane ;
Sweet and soft as tears that fall,
For memories beyond recall !



## Tweet ! Tweet ! Tweet !

"TWEET ! Tweet ! Tweet !'
O, little thrush,
Why are you making
Such a fuss ?

"Tweet ! Tweet ! Tweet !"
You cry all day.
Is there any reason
For it, pray ?

"Tweet ! Tweet ! Tweet !
Bold breezes blow,
Buried lies my Love
In snow !"

———:0:———

# The Stranger

OUR two eyes met across the street,
'Twas but a moment fleeting ;
Who were you, handsome Stranger ?
Love entered at that meeting.
In the scented Indian twilight,
I know you found me fair,
Do you remember, Stranger,
You of the red-brown hair ?

Our two eyes met across the street,
And all the world stood still ;
Do you recall it, Stranger,
That stange ecstatic thrill ?
Did you hear my gentle sigh,
What filled your eyes with light ?
O handsome, handsome Stranger,
Did your heart, too, take flight ?

The Indian sun in setting
Had changed the sky to red ;
Love whispered to us, Stranger,
Tho' not a word was said.
'Twas but a moment fleeting,
And you went on your way ;
You left me, cruel Stranger,
With skies all turned to grey !

Thro' different paths our ways
I search for you, in vain ;
Where we met, handsome Stranger,
Now falls the monsoon rain.
These fond eyes gaze across the street,
But find no solace there ,
I cannot see, my Stranger,
Him of the red-brown hair !

Yet, often in the evening,
As shadows softly fall,
That meeting with a Stranger,
Doth memory recall ;
You never held me in your arms,
No words of love we spoke,
Yet when you went, my Stranger,
This heart you conquered—broke !

———:0:———

# A Tinkle Of Cow-Bells

A tinkle of cow-bells
 A meadow of grass,
A tinkle of cow-bells,
The feet of a lass

All reddened with henna,
A ring on each toe ;
Little village maiden
O, where do you go ?

Tell maiden, O maiden,
I think I can guess,
Some lover awaits you,
Come, come, is it, "yes" ?

A tinkle of cow-bells
A murmering stream,
A tinkle of cow-bells,
A youth in a dream.

The song of the water,
Is low and is sweet,
He dreams of the maiden
He hopes soon to meet.

Arise for thy loved one
As soft as a dove,
.Is coming to teach you
The beauty of love.

Watch them greet each other
With a tender kiss,
Joys that parted lovers
Must for ever miss.

A tinkle of cow-bells
Two hearts beat as one,
A tinkle of cow-bells,
And our tale is done !

———:0:———

# Come Close, O Love !

COME close, O Love, the night is chill,
The winter wind blows cold ;
O say again, you'll love me still,
When I grow grey and old !

Come closer, Love, my heart is sad,
Strange thoughts torment my mind ;
Come closer, Love, and make me glad,
O Dearest One,—be kind !

Like birds that frightened, fly to nest,
When first the rain-drops fall ;
To thee, my Love, I turn in quest
Of shelter from the squall !

O hide me in those soft warm arms,
And kiss my tears away ;
With loving words, O soothe my qualms,
Till skies no more are grey !

Come close, O Love, the thunder roars,
The trees cry out in pain ;
Come closer, Love, shut fast all doors,
So I forget the rain !

———:0:———

# The Indian Girl

BEHOLD her at the Lotus Pool,
Soft folds of her silken saree,
Half concealing, half revealing,
Sun brown'd limbs, so soft, so cool!

Unconscious of beauty, she stands;
Or, sways her slender body and,
With infinite care, stoops gracefully where,
Tear-filled Lotii kiss her *Hena-ed* hands!

In sweet disarray, smoky black hair,
Is snake-like dancing in the breeze;
Her eyes of night are beacons bright,
O hark, my heart, danger is there!

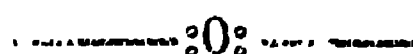
Soft lips like red *Ashoka* flowers,
Well-laden with love's sweet wine,
Twin golden arms, half hidden charms,
Till she be mine I'll count the hours!




*Unconscious of beauty, she stands ;*
*Or, sways her slender body and,*
*With infinite care, stoops gracefully where,*
*Tear-filled Lotii kiss her Hena-ed hands !*

O, sweet is my dear native earth,
And sweet the mangoe-groves so green,
The tamarind trees, the monsoon breeze,
The village home that gave me birth !

But sweetest of all, my Indian Girl,
Jasmine-scented and lotus-eyed,
When the *Tilka* red ; adorns her head,
As bride I'll claim this Eastern Pearl !



# They Said To Me—

THEY said to me, "Beware,
He has no heart, take care!"
I looked at him and knew they told me lies,
For, lo, I beheld My heart in his eyes!

——:0:——

# The Star And The Lily

A sweet star shining up above,
Spied in the garden, a lily flower,
Its heart intoxicated with love,
It gazed and gazed, hour after hour.

The lily felt the love of the star,
And lifted its beautiful head ;
"Alas beloved ! you are so far,
"I cannot reach you", it said.

Night after night the star so bright,
Shone on the lily with love-lit eyes,
Hour after hour, the lily-of white
Raising her petals, blushed at the skies.

Miles separate these faithful two,
Did ever lily wed a star ?
Lone lily weeps perfumed tears of dew,
The star cries in vain from afar !

:0:

# The Weather Cock

O, when the sun is shining,
And it's very, very hot,
O, then I long for winter,
The sun—I like it not !

Comes winter, O, so freezing,
And I am very cold,
O, then I long for summer,
And sunny days seem gold !

For, I am like a weather cock,
I change from day to day,
But, darling, wipe away those tears,
To *YOU* I'll faithful stay !!

———:0:———

# Dejection

IS it not sad
That hours should fly,
And each of us
Should, one day—die ?

How sad to think
That lips of fire,
Will, one day, kill,
Not wake, desire !

That roses sweet
So soon must fade,
And dying leaves
Fall in the glade.

On such a day
This heart of mine,
Feels it must break
Away from thine !

Alas ! for youth
And all its joys,
How soon they seem
But worthless toys !

Loud laughter rings,
Some tear-drops fall,
Then, all is quiet—
When comes the Call.

Death doth beckon,
Ah ! must we go,
Leaving dear ones
That loved us so ?

Is it not sad
That hours should fly,
And each of us
Should, one day—die ?

———:0:———

# You Smiled !

YOU smiled on me to-day,
Ah, Love, you were too kind !
Forgive me if I say,
You're fickle as the wind !

To-day you smile, tomorrow,
I know again you'll frown ;
My life is joy and sorrow,
(Wild waves 'neath which I drown !)

My maid, this boon I crave,
If thou dost love me true,
O, save me from the grave,
Your frowns will lead me to !

Just smile on me, my dearest,
And never frown again ;
I'll give you love sincerest,
If you'll but heal my pain !

Yet, if you love me not,
Why torture me in play ?
Have you so soon forgot,
You smiled on me to-day ?

———:0:———

# An Indian Love Tale

YOU left me in the Spring-time,
When all the earth was glad;
You left me, my beloved,
Broken-hearted—sad.

"I will return," you whispered,
The while you said, "Good-bye."
None knew we loved in secret,
None heard the vows we sighed!

I waited many Spring-times,
Many Jasmine-scented nights;
Nor heeded other maidens,
Who joyed in love's delights.

At last, when hope had vanished,
And Love's Young Dream seemed dead,
I found all strength was banished,
I did as my guardians said!




*I waited many Spring-times,*
*Many Jasmine-scented nights ;*

They married me, my darling,
To someone old and grey ;
I had no choice, my dearest,
And you were far away.

O weep not so, beloved,
At cruel Fate's decree,
An Indian girl, my darling,
Is but a pawn of destiny !

———:0:———

# My Darling

MY darling, O my darling,
Your race of life is run ;
Fair little feet, so small, so sweet,
No more will greet the sun.

My darling, O my darling,
Far, far too young to die,
That voice so trill, is hushed and still,
For ever closed your eye !

My darling, O my darling,
The tears these fond eyes weep
Are summer showers, feeding flowers
On earth 'neath which you sleep !

———:0:———

# Love's End

DID I say, I loved thee not,
And did I frown on you ?
Were all my loving vows forgot,
How sweet you were, how true ?
And do I turn my lips away,
On others do I smile ?
You never thought to see a day,
When I could be so vile ?

Ah, listen, Love is fleeting,
It lasts but for an hour ;
While lips in love are meeting,
Comes satiety's cooling shower !

——— :0:———

# King Baby

E has pretty little toes,
Dimpled cheek and turned-up nose,
Tiny growth of curly hair
And a saucy little stare!

Such a naughty little thing,
Thinks he is a little king!
Must have this, and must have that,
Watch him pulling daddy's hat!

Hear him shouting, "Goo, goo, goo,
Give me or I'll cry, Boo! boo!"
Then, a little dimpled smile,
Small is he but full of guile!

Rules us with his little hand,
We must hark to each command;
For our hearts are in his keeping,
Little angel, (when he's sleeping)!

——:0:——

# Requiem

BEHOLD, O Earth, thou hast a guest !
Ah, fold her gently to thy breast ;
O, ne're has one, so sweet, so fair,
Been given to thy tender care.
That face that now is deathly cold,
Had eyes of blue, had hair of gold.
Fair daughter from cold England's shore,
In Bengal rests for evermore.
Green grows the grass around her grave,
Where leaves of Palm and Peepul wave.
She loved and lived as Indian's wife,
To Indian children gave she life.
Great God on high, what consolation
Offerest Thou ? Dire our desolation.
Show us from which fount to borrow
Wine that wins surcease from sorrow.
Blinded with tears we fail to see
Necessity of pain—Life's Mystery !

# The King's Son

EACH evening the young and noble
King's son, gazed from above,
At a poor, but gentle maiden,
Unversed in the art of love.

Each evening he threw a red rose,
It kissed her cheeks to pink ;
In the heart of this meek maiden,
Was born—what do you think ?

One twilight the young and noble,
King's son met her below ;
And innocent maid, sweet and shy,
Gave what was hers to bestow !

A Princess wed he, one fine day,
Of great wealth, youth and charm;
"A bridegroom most noble", they say,
"Never has he done harm."

Next evening the city river
Gave up its dismal dead ;
'Twas a poor, but gentle maiden,
A red rose in her head !

——:0:——

# Reality

A sky of azure blue,
A little silver stream ;
Beside it, me and you,
O, what a lovely dream !

A sky with clouds o'ercast
Drops of ice-cold rain,
Alone with the sad past
Is reality and pain !



# When We Grow Old

WE who have known love's pleasure and pain,
Its tremulous tears, and delicious delight,
Grown old, shall we consider it all vain,
And hate each other's sight ?

You, who have often begged from me a kiss,
Thrilling with joy, as I yielded to you ;
Tell me, dear, will all these moments of bliss
Retain their golden hue :

When from these lovely eyes, the light is fled,
And these soft cheeks are wrinkled and are old ?
Or, will I also find that love is dead,
A fire that is cold ?

No ! no ! we will not think of thoughts so bitter,
The moon is high, we both have love and youth ;
O, let the love that in your dear eyes glitter
Blind me to the truth !

———:0:———

# In Kashmere Liest Thou

IN Kashmere liest thou, my Love,
There where the flowers bloom ;
Where breezes blow, fresh fruit trees grow
While sunshine weaves a loom.

I stay here all alone, Dear Heart,
Here where the trees are bare,
Where cold rain falls, a jackal calls,
But no voice answers there !

Dost thou remember me, my Dear,
Beneath the cool sweet earth ?
Sorrows ended, morrows blended,
Eternity without re-birth !

Would I were beside you, Darling,
Under the same dark ground ;
With you dying, with you lying,
Far from all earthly sound !

Lonely is my life without you,
Here where we know delight,
The tears start to my broken heart,
From life God has taken My Light !

-:0:-

# When Love Is Dead

WHEN love is dead
And joy all fled,
I'll softly steal away
To some sequestered pool;
There, in calm waters cool,
I'll bathe my head,
When love is dead!

For, in my hair,
A fragrance fair
Of you, perhaps, might stay;
Ah! if it should remain,
It would recall again,
Your sad, soft stare,
Your fragrant hair!

I must forget
Without regret,
You and that long lost day,
When love shone in your eyes,
And knew I not 'twas lies!
Faithless coquette,
I shall forget—

When love is dead
And joy all fled,
I'll softly steal away
To some sequestered pool;
There, in calm waters cool,
I'll bathe my head,
When love is dead!

———:0:———

# They Counsel me

THEY counsel me, the old, the wise,
They nod their heads and say, "Time flies,
Before man knows it, comes his turn to die,
With Allah make your peace."

I smile at them, I say, "Who knows
If to heav'n or hell the breeze blows,
The dust of my desire, my life's one rose,
Who left me all too soon.

"When in the earth my bones are laid,
For but one being will I search the glade ;
That dear departed and long-longed for shade,
I'll follow ev'n to hell !

"To you I leave your prayers, your beads,
Your petty jealousies and diverse creeds ;
I do not hide my sins, my deeds
Are open as the sun.

"In youthful madness I've scattered posies
Have drunken deeply with the roses,
And now that this gay story closes,
Should I cringe, and creep

"With beard grown long, on bended knee
Must I become a devotee,
And with each Maulvi law agree
To gain a seat in Heav'n ?

"Ah, no ! As I've lived, so let me die,
These lips shall lisp no coward's cry
For mercy ; great love doth purify
All my faults, all my sins."

——:0:——

# Villanelle At Dawn

IS my Maid sleeping still ?
Arise, my Love, arise,
The sun shines on the hill !

*Kokilas* call out shrill,
To play do they entice,
Is my Maid sleeping still ?

Each dainty daffodil :
Opens her yellow eyes,
The sun shines on the hill.

I'm lonely by the mill
Why can't she realise,
Is my maid sleeping still ?

Flowers perfume distil,
"Awake," each petal cries,
"The sun shines on the hill !"

Sweet Nature's voices trill,
Asking in soft surprise,
"Is my Maid sleeping still ?
"The sun shines on the hill !"

——:o:——



*'Mid mangoe groves, pregnant with fruit,*
*A pair of village lovers stray ;*

## At Twilight

SOFTLY falls the Indian twilight,
Sweetly rings the *bul-bul's* call ;
White as stars that shine at midnight,
Scented *Kunda* blossoms fall.

'Mid mangoe groves, pregnant with fruit,
A pair of village lovers stray ;
Far in the distance, Krishna's flute,
Cheers a weary traveller's way.

Those lovely little lamps of love,
Fire-flies, flitter here and there ;
A mellow moon from up above,
Kisses the village maiden's hair.

When Night her sable mantle flings
Upon the dew-drenched grass ;
With gentle fluttering of wings,
Another Indian day will pass.

——:0:——

# Watching The Rain

DEEP within my heart is pain,
Don't know how it got there
Sadly watching the cold rain
Comb I my curly hair !

Caress, O comb, each curl
Like my dead lover's hand ;
Recall how he would twirl
Lovingly each long strand !

(Dear hand, that close in mine,
Long hours loved to linger,
That wore as true love's sign,
My ring upon it's finger ! )

O rain that falls from high,
These eyes are raining too !
Tho' my life's but a sigh,
What cause for tears have you ?

Lives he not high above,
Dwells he not in your sight,
My dear and only love,
Who was to me—life's light ?

Deep within my heart is pain,
And this is how it got there,
'Twas sadly watching the cold rain
While combing my curly hair !

———:0:———

# Break My Heart

YES! break my heart,
Perhaps you'll find,
The rose that bloomed
When you were kind!



# A Lover's Complaint

WHY turn your face,
Why turn your eyes ?
Have you no smile
For one, who dies

Because you frown
Upon each word ?
Because each sigh
Remains unheard ?

Had you but smiled
How sweet my life,
To keep you as
My dear loved wife !

Alas, that one
So sweet, so fair,
For my sad plight
Should have no care !

This heart that beats
Both firm and true,
For ere and aye
Belongs to you.

The sun now shines,
But rain will fall
And my last words
You will recall !

Perhaps a tear
Your eyes will shed,
For one who then,
Will long be dead !

———:o:———

# The Voice of India

O, GIVE us freedom !
Must we be
Forever chained,
In slavery ?

World-wide rings
The battle cry,
"To keep freedom,
We will die".

O, Allied Powers.
we are chained ;
By giving freedom,
Is freedom retained !

Our sons do serve
Thee east and west
And is not our blood
Red as the rest ?

Many bitter tears are shed,
By patriots in jail ;
Must they die, and dying,
Succceed where living fail ?

Ah, give us freedom,
Lest you be,
Cursed by us
Most bitterly !

———:0:———

# Our "Friend"

SHE prattles and she prances
Arrayed just like a doll,
And thinks that with sly glances,
She captivates us all !

Her tongue tho' dipped in honey,
Has yet the bright bee's sting,
Perhaps she thinks it funny,
To slander everything !

You can't escape her jealous spite,
No matter what you do ;
To her it seems but just and right,
To say that red is blue !

———:0:———

# Disappointment

MY Lord, I heard sweet sound
Of foot-falls near my door,
Trembling sank I to the ground,
Tenderly I kissed the floor !

I thought your feet would tread
That way ; I put fresh flowers
In my hair, and on my head,
A soft and silken shower.

Night changed to dismal day,
The flowers faded, one by one,
Vain tears I shed to stay
The rising of that sun !



# Ballade Of Joy

O! I'll not sing a doleful song,
No, no! I'll shout with glee,
For I don't have to sit and long,
Or beg on bended knee
To Love, to show a smile to me;
O! life's a happy thing,
For I have him and he has me,
I'm his Queen, he's my King.

Most merrily we trip along,
Since kind fate did decree,
Each to the other would belong,
Husband and wife are we!
Love is most sweet we both agree
As happily we sing,
"O! I have him and he has me
I'm his Queen, he's my King".

Now loving hearts, pray don't prolong
Your pain and misery;
If you would make of life a song—
Follow our recipe,
Let wedding bells ring loud and free,
Away all sorrow fling;
O! I have him and he has me
I'm his Queen, he's my King.

## ENVOI.

'Maids hearken to your lovers plea,
Come join with me to sing,
'O ! I have him and he has me
I'm his Queen, he's my King."

———:0:———

# The Search

I'LL search for him
In dell and dale,
Expectantly.

I'll search for him
In rain or shine,
Devotedly !

(I never doubted,
I would find him
Speedily.)

Long hours I searched
The paths we trod
In sweet childhood.

No nook or cranny,
Cave or pool,
Did I exclude.

Till, weary, heart-broken,
Weeping, I returned,
In solitude !

# A Punjabi Wedding

ALL night long the *tablas* play,
All night long the dancers sway !
*Shulwars* rustle, anklets jingle,
Rainbow colours together mingle,

There the bride sits sweet and shy
Fair face hid from every eye,
Dainty maid of sweet sixteen,
*Shulwar* suit with jewels gleam.

*Dupputa* made of gold and red
Modestly placed upon her head,
*Hena-ed* fingers, *hena-ed* feet,
All be-sprinkled with *attar* sweet.

Women all around her clustered,
(That's her mother happy, flustered)
Wrinkled eyes with tears now gleam,
Youthful eyes with fond hopes beam.

"Will he look and find me fair,
Will he kiss my curly hair ?
Is he handsome, strong and tall,
Or round and ugly, like a ball ?"

All night long the *tablas* play,
All night long the dancers away !
*Shulwars* rustle, anklets jingle,
Rainbow colours together mingle.



# I Find Thee

I find Thee in the blossom burdened breeze
Perfumed flowers bring Thee to mind ;
Gazing at tall and stately trees,
All's part of Thy beauty I find.
In vain I try to escape Thee !
The dancing of the birds at dawn,
The rising of the moon at sea,
Have your beauty for a moment worn ;
Eyes of children, reflect Your eyes,
Lovers kisses tell me of Thy love ;
Whether with laughter, or sobbing of sighs,
'Tis Thee Who haunts me from above !

——:0:——



*A village girl, a village grave,*
*Where tears of heart-break fall,*

# A Village Love Tale

A village girl, a village boy,
The scent of Jasmine flower,
Makes a simple tale of joy
That lasted but an hour.

The village girl was but sixteen,
Her lover slightly older,
And many dreams he told his queen,
With purest love grown bolder.

Dread Cholera that very night,
Yet one more victim claimed ;
Alas, for hopes so young, so bright,
And love that brightly flamed

A village girl, a village grave,
Where tears of heart-break fall,
She weeps for him she could not save,
While mockingly *Papiyas* call.

——:0:——

# The Whip

YOU are cruel, with a whip
  You beat me every day :
Behold, my bleeding face and lip,
For loving you—I pay !

Is there no pity in your heart,
O King ? My flesh is black
With bruises, from each aching part
Blood pours ; do you mercy lack ?

Most surprised, you laughing say,
"Never have I raised my hand".
And yet you whip me every day,
Mad with pain, I cannot stand.

'Tis true, you've never struck me,
But every angry word's
A whip ; wounds that none may see,
My sob of pain's unheard !

Day after day you whip your slave,
Night-long I weep with pain ;
I would the heart that thee I gave
Were but my own again !

———:o:———

# Horror

DARK and dismal is the night,
Shadows cold on new graves fall
There is no sound, there is no light,
Save the hungry jackal's call !

Drops of rain commence to patter,
Patter on each buried head,
Sleepy owls forget to chatter,
Scandals of long loathsome dead !

God ! the earth itself seems lost,
Horror reigns in this dank spot,
Man in death pays life's bitter cost
With bodies that most swiftly rot !

Faces that smirked in powder, paint,
Harbour worms in festering cheeks ;
This a sinner, that a saint,
All are now but fiendish freaks !

Born are we for this foul end,
Our resting place, the gruesome grave,
Life is not worth the while, O friend,
Hopelessly on the gods we rave !

——:0:——

# I Weep

I weep for your dear embrace,
And, with my tears, I trace
Your name again and again,
On the wet cheek of my face !

——:o:——

## Song Of The Mussalmans

WE are Mussalmans true !
Our God is One,
Having no son,
Nor sister or brother,
Nor father or mother ;
We are Mussalmans true !

We have no pride,
For side by side,
Bow king and slave,
The rich, the brave
To Allah in supplication !

Maker of Light,
Giver of Sight,
Both rich and poor
Wait at Thy door,
To worship in adoration !

Make light our load,
Show us the road
To reach Thy feet,
That home most meet,
Our glorious destination !

We are Mūssalmans true,
Our God is One,
Having no son,
Nor sister or brother,
Nor father or mother.
We are Mussalmans true !

———:0:———

# Love Calls

SHADOWS are falling,
This is the night,
Beloved I'm calling,
Moon of delight !

Birds home are wending,
Stars glitter above
To you I am sending
My message of love !

The rose and the lily,
Their perfume shed gladly,
And is it not silly
To make me wait sadly ?

Darling, your beauty
Shines as the moon,
Love is your duty,
Come to me soon !

These arms here are waiting
To clasp to my breast,
Come—no hesitating,
Come to your nest !

———:0:———

# The Taj

EXQUISITE monument
Alabaster white,
Language eloquent
Of all Love could write ;
O thou exquisite monument,
Unforgettable sight !

Sincerest sorrow
Transformed to stone
All it could borrow
From grief, 'twas a groan ;
With it, sincerest sorrow,
For tears made a throne !

Marble made of the tears
A sad monarch shed,
Through long lonely years
While his queen lay dead ;
Glistening marble made out of tears
From a royal head !

Eternally glorious
For ever you'll be,
Lo ! Love is victorious
And it is through thee.
Through all nations glorious,
O'er land and o'er sea !

——— :0: ———

# In The City

THROUGH the teeming city street
Stray a pair of pretty feet ;
Village girl new come to town,
Dressed up in her sunday gown.

Through the town she wends her way,
Through the town at break of day ;
Whom does this fair maiden seek,
What brings blushes to her cheek ?

She seeks her city lover
Who came to her in summer,
Loved her 'neath the Peepul trees
Whispered in the summer breeze—

"Fairest of the village fair
You have curly coal-black hair,
Darker far than darkest skies,
Are the lashes round your eyes."

"O maiden sweetly tender,
Brighter than the Sun's thy splendour
Let me clasp you in these arms,
Let me kiss your myriad charms."

Deep in search the hours pass,
She finds him not, alas, alas !
Is she then betrayed and lost,
His the pleasure, hers the cost ?

Through the teeming city street,
Stray a pair of tired feet,
Village girl long come to town,
Crumpled is her sunday gown.

Through the town she plods her way,
Through the town at end of day ;
Round her eyes are shadows deep,
Why doth this fair maiden weep ?

———:0:———

# I Turned My Face Away-

IN anger I turned my face away,
You wept ; behold, each lash of thine eye,
A dainty dagger with which you slay
Me. At each tear of thine I die !

——:0:——

# The Lotus Dreams

THE lotus dreams
Beside a stream,
Its petals pink
In slumber sink.

The sun above
Kisses with love
This shy flower,
Who has the power

To win a heart
That cupid's dart,
Has seldom caught
But oft has sought.

The lotus dreams
Beside a stream,
Till evening falls
And the moon calls ;

Then opens wide,
Like some shy bride,
Pink petals sweet
Her love to greet.

She loves the moon,
Who, all too soon
Will say, "Good-bye"
And leave the sky.

O sun, 'tis vain,
For you the pain,
Of useless love,
Of hopeless love !

———:O:———

# Home Thoughts

THE *Champak*, sweetly-scented, fair,
Will die in England's frigid air,
A shy and simple Violet,
In Indian earth would sigh and fret ;
Mountain men forced to the plain,
Will weep to see high hills again.
To all home is the sweetest thing,
And of her home this poet sings.

In Punjab now, bold breezes blow,
Long stems of *Surson* to and fro ;
Cool and lovely, emerald green,
Like liquid gold their flowers seem.
Yet does this heart. remain forlorn,
(Ah dear Bengal, where I was born !)

My heart aches for a village grave
Where lies the one I could not save,
For tall and slender waving palms
That beckon me to Bengal's arms ;
And *Neem* and *Imli*, trees I love,
Where "Goo-goo, goo-goo", cooes the dove !



*And sound of laughter from the girls*
*While combing out their well-oiled curls*

O, let these eyes feast on the sight,
Of rice-fields on a moonlit night !
Wake me at dawn to the *Koels* cry,
While mangoe-blooms from groves nearby
Tempt busy bees to buzz around
And fill the noon-day with soft sound.

My home, O home, so far away,
Where bamboo branches softly sway,
O bathing ghat, O village pool,
I long for your sweet waters cool,
And sound of laughter from the girls
While combing out their well-oiled curls
To all home is the sweetest thing,
And of her home this poet sings.

——:0:——

# The Garland Gatherer

O Garland Gatherer, 'tis late,
Glistening with dew the flowers wait
Your harvesting. Red roses too,
Mingled flowers of every hue !
Gather a garland scented rare,
Meant for a Maid beyond compare ;
O Garland Gatherer, 'tis late,
Glistening with dew the flowers wait !

I come, I come, O Rich Man's Son,
Here with thy garland ready done !
(Foolish fingers to have trembled so,
What's it to you where these garlands go ?
Ah, but she is so shy, so sweet,
Would I were grass beneath her feet !)
I come, I come, O Rich Man's Son,
Here with thy garland ready done !

——:0:——

# Smile

'TIS hard, I know, to smile,
When sorrow is thy share
And harder still to smile,
When there are none to care.
With heavy, aching heart,
Thro' tears that trembling start,
'Tis very hard to smile !

But smile, my friend, O smile,
This life lasts but a day ;
Yes smile, my friend, O smile,
'Twill help you on your way ;
In spite of storm and strife,
Seek the sunny side of life,
Smile, smile, my friend, O smile !

——:0:——

# Villanelle Of Life

MINUTES, hours, and days,
Two things make up our life—
Rain-clouds and sunshine's rays.

Each goes a different way,
Knowing joy, knowing strife,
Minutes, hours and days.

Some sin, another prays,
One's widowed, one weds a wife ;
Rain-clouds and sunshine's rays !

Man toils all day, Man plays,
His night with pain is rife,
Minutes, hours and days.

One loves, another slays
His brother with a knife ;
( Rain-clouds and sunshine's rays ! )

These things make up our lays,
Make up this narrow life,
Minutes, hours and days—
Rain-clouds and sunshine's rays.

——:0:——

## Come with Me

COME with me unto the sea,
Let us leave all storm and strife,
Let us lead a mermaid's life ;
Come with me unto the sea.

I have much to show to you,
Jewels rare and precious too,
Jewels that are made of shell,
Jewels with a tale to tell !

You must breathe the fresh sea air,
Fill your lungs and drive out care ;
Timid ? Come and hold my hand,
While we stroll along the sand.

Come with me unto the sea,
Let it kiss your little feet,
Sea kisses, saltily sweet,
Come with me unto the sea.

Watch the water, curving, bending,
Gifts of shells to mortals sending ;
The sea is kind, the sea is good,
Giving fishermen their daily food.

**Yet, as life takes many a dream,**
**Deep into disappointment's stream,**
**Look, that mountain of a wave,**
**Has dashed our castle to a watery grave !**

Come with me unto the sea,
Let us leave all storm and strife ;
Let us lead a mermaid's life,
Come with me unto the sea.

——:0:——

# The Sleeping Babe

YOU are asleep in mother's arm,
A peaceful smile upon your lip ;
O Angels, guard you from all harm,
While from the Fountain of Dreams, you sip.

Long curling lashes kiss your cheeks,
Where roses pink unheeded lie,
O little Angel of ten weeks,
My sunny star from love's pure sky !

You sometimes smile while still asleep
Discovering a little dimple ;
Do you upon the angels peep,
My little baby, sweet and simple ?

——:0:——

# Ballade

O LOVE with eyes of tender light
So pure and yet so true,
In you is centred all delight,
Without you, I am blue ;
O, how I hate that word, "adieu,"
It rends my aching heart,
Ah, Love ! I never, never knew,
We'd only meet to part !

When you are near, the world is bright,
All joy is born anew,
Yet when you leave my loving sight,
The birds all cease to coo ;
Ev'n earth wears a dismal hue,
Tears to these fond eyes start,
Ah Love, I never, never knew,
We'd only meet to part !

My girl, so wondrous fair and white,
This prayer I pray of you,
Remain for ever in my sight,
I think it is my due.
For, when Cupid's love-arrow flew
Straight as any dart,
O Love, I never, never knew,
We'd only meet to part !

## ENVOI

O MAID with eyes of heavenly hue,
Stay close to this true heart,
And never let those words be true,
"We only meet to part".

——:0:——

# Rose Petals Are Falling

ROSE petals are falling,
Dear, open those eyes,
Black as midnight skies,
Nightingales are calling !

Lift lashes dew-wet,
All sorrow forget ;
I am by thy side,
My Joy and my Pride.

Rose petals are falling,
Come, a farewell kiss,
One moment of bliss,
War drums loud are calling !

I must rise and go
To vanquish the foe,
Then will I return
For kisses that burn.



*Rose Petals are falling,*
*Dear, open those eyes,*
*Black as midnight skies,*
*Nightingales are calling.*

When rose petals fall 'gain,
Safe in loving arms
O, Queen of all charms,
I'll hide you from all pain.

Rose petals are falling,
Dear, open those eyes,
Black as midnight skies,
Nightingales are calling.

———:0:———

# Fleeting Hours

WHEN we are young and merry,
O life is full of joy,
Each maid has lips of cherry
To captivate her boy!

But fleeting are the hours
Of each happy day,
With time but to pick flowers
To cast upon Love's way!

When sorrowful and grey and old,
We bow a weary head;
When tales of long lost loves are told,
Will we have tears to shed?

Or, wrinkled hand in wrinkled hand,
A Joan and Darby true,
Will we recall that youthful land
Where Love first caught us two?

———:0:———

# An Evening During Ramzan

THE sleepy sun sinks in the west
And pious people pause to rest ;
Upon the stillness falls a cry,
Soul-stirringly it rends the sky,
The call to Pray'r, and end of fast—
Some sinner's fear of hell is past !

———:0:———

# There Was A Maid

THERE was a maid
Both sweet and shy,
Almost afraid
To lift her eye!

There was a man
Most debonnair,
Who came and found
This maiden fair.

He wooed and won,
Then rode away;
He'd had his fun,
Why should he stay?

There is a girl
Men smile to name.
Thro' the bazars
They shout her shame.

Smug-faced women,
Pray scorn her not ;
What love can do,
Have you forgot ?

Yes, thank thy man
For making thee,
Wife that you are,
And not as she !

———:0:———

SKETCHES OF

# SOME DISTINGUISHED ANGLO-INDIANS.